The Noose

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The Noose

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Cal comes to Hannibal for a punishment—one that Dr. Steven Meyer created, called “HC”. Cal uncovers some pretty fucked up information about Dr. Meyer, and Hannibal is there to help him process it and stop himself from victim blaming.

Kinktober Day 22: Bondage

Notes

PLEASE HEED THE WARNINGS!! This fic has some darker subjects that may be triggering for some!

DO NOT ATTEMPT THE HYPOXIAN CLEANSE! EVEN IF IT’S WITH DOCTOR LECTER!! THAT SHIT IS DANGEROUS!

Oh and also, the title comes from “The Noose” - A Perfect Circle… aka Cal’s song.

“You were a doctor, right?” Cal asks as he enters the motel room that they had agreed to meet at over the phone. He throws down his bag with a heavy ‘thunk’, and turns his attention to Hannibal, awaiting his reply.

“An emergency surgeon.” He confirms, skeptical because Cal never asks these kinds of personal questions. He’s just here to sell his body, maybe destress a little in the process. Hannibal and Cal meet nearly every month, and Hannibal always sends in generous donations to the Meyerist Movement the day after each of their meetings. But as of recent, he’s been paying Cal directly; because to Hannibal’s understanding, Cal ran away with his girlfriend and child—away from Meyerism.

Recently, Cal has been arranging meetings less out of need for the money.. and more out of the chase for that euphoria he gets from being with Hannibal. He hadn’t gotten it with Mary, and he hadn’t gotten it from Sarah.

Maybe that’s because he’s actually gay—not bisexual like he thought—or maybe it’s because Hannibal doesn’t treat him like he’s tainted. Mary wants him because of the darkness that hides within, and Sarah has thought of him as broken since they were children.

It just isn’t cutting it anymore; Being seen as tainted.

He wants Hannibal to make him feel whole again. He wants to see himself how Hannibal sees him.

“I’m going to ask something of you, and I want you to listen.” Cal explains, reaching down to grab his bag off of the floor and replace it down in Hannibal’s lap where he sits.

“I’m listening.” Hannibal assured, not shifting his attention from Cal, even when the younger man reaches to unzip the duffel bag he’d thrown onto his lap. He keeps still and waits.

Cal reveals, first, a black bundle of rope. Then, a red bundle. He holds them in both of his hands and presents them to Hannibal casually.

“You wish to be bound.” Hannibal observes, and Cal nods his head. But Hannibal can tell something is itching at him. After a lasting second of silence, Hannibal nudges. “Tell me.”

Cal reaches back into the bag, and speaks at the same time. “I want to be bound…” he pulls out a worn, aged journal, “but there’s something else I need from you.”

“Anything.” Hannibal assures, noticing how anxious Cal seems to be sharing this information.

Cal flips open to a bookmarked page, and turns the book so Hannibal can take a look inside. “The hypoxian cleanse, HC.” He says nothing further until Hannibal notices the little sketch. “It’s a punishment that Steve made.”

Hannibal understands why Cal had attacked him with the question of if he was a doctor, now. It’s right in the name, ‘hypoxia’. This is an extreme that he never thought Cal was possible

of.

“Is this a punishment you’ve undergone before?” Hannibal asks purely out of curiosity. It won’t change his promise, nor his support, in helping Cal with this.

Cal doesn’t answer, just hands Hannibal the two sets of rope, and strips his shirt off, tugging from the back. Hannibal continues to wait for an answer as Cal strips the rest of his clothing off, but it never comes.

His silence may as well be an answer enough.

Hannibal unwinds the red coil of rope just a few feet, preparing while Cal gets comfortable. He drags the motel’s ottoman to the middle of the open space of the small room. Then he sits, hands behind his back.

Hannibal takes quite a while to prepare the HC bindings to look like the sketch, but when he does, he slides the stomach and chest ones onto Cal’s body, asking him to raise his arms. Then, he tightens them just enough that they’ll stay in position. He leaves the rope that’s meant to go around his neck off for now.

“Bind me however, but make sure to leave yourself room to manipulate the HC ropes.” Cal suggests, speaking to Hannibal in an instructive tone.

Hannibal smirks at this, pleased that even as Cal is telling him to take away his range of motion completely, he’s still holding onto his control.

Hannibal starts slowly, looking down at Cal with an approving gaze. He crouches to take hold of Cal’s wrists, pulling them together behind his back before he lays the tail of the black rope onto them.

“How’s your son?” Hannibal asks as he takes the time to make sure the first binds on his wrists are tight. Cal almost laughs, but Hannibal can tell he’s gotten a rise when it stops short, and he mumbles. “Fed, because of you.”

There’s venom in his voice, and Hannibal corrects it with a harsh tug as he secures another binding just a little farther up on his forearm.

He takes the time to bind Cal’s arms right up until the joint of his elbow, taking Cal’s advice in leaving room to tighten the HC ropes. The red HC ropes are a stark contrast against his pale skin. Hannibal almost hopes that Cal comes out of this with rope burn on his chest that he’ll have to explain to his little girlfriend.

Hannibal kisses Cal’s bare shoulder, and keeps a hand on him as he moves to kneel in front of him. Hannibal binds his ankles together similarly to how he’d bound his arms. He goes all the way up to the knee joint, stopping just before so Cal can keep them bent, his feet flat on the floor.

Hannibal retrieves the predone red HC ropes from the bed, and moves back behind Cal, and the younger man nearly shivers when he realizes Hannibal holds the last piece of the puzzle

in his hands.

“Your halo’s slipping down,” Hannibal informs him when he slides the red rope to rest on Cal’s throat like a collar. There’s a second rope that Hannibal adorns around his neck, and this one connects to the bindings around his chest. “it’s around your neck. If you’re not careful, someone might tug you to the ground.”

“Like a noose.” Cal mumbles in response to Hannibal’s comments. Hannibal tightens both of the ropes so they are snug against Cal’s throat, where his pulse beats heavy.

Hannibal can smell Cal’s arousal, so it’s pointless to lean over him and check. But when he does, he finds exactly what he had expected. Cal’s dick is leaking, and it curves up into his stomach, the tip teasing the red HC ropes that constrict around his naval. Hannibal is tempted to touch, to taste. But he knows that that isn’t what Cal needs, at least, not yet.

“You are here, asking for punishment tonight.” Hannibal starts, tracing his fingers over the ropes that rest on Cal’s throat. “Why, dearest Calvin, do you feel you deserve to be punished?”

Cal just shakes his head, mouth sealed. Hannibal recognizes this—this is what happens when Cal doesn’t trust his voice not to waver. This happened when he finally confessed to killing a man, to hiding his body. Cal doesn’t like to be seen in vulnerable states, and Hannibal knows that Cal’s presence here is hard. It’s hard to admit he needs punishment, hard to ask for it.

“You’re here for cleansing. That will only happen if you confess your transgresses aloud.” Hannibal encourages, toying with the ropes around Cal’s chest. Teasing the idea that he may tighten them—take away his breath. Cal knows that Hannibal knows how this works; how Meyerist punishments work. It was what drew Hannibal to Meyerism as a young adult. He felt the need to be punished for what he had done to his sister, Mischa.

Hannibal does tighten the ropes that squeeze Cal’s chest, one harsh tug, and Cal groans with how the fibers dig into his flesh. This feels right, deserved. But Cal knows that it is not him who truly deserves this pain.

“I’ve buried things... terrible things.” Cal admits, relaxing again into the ropes that bind his wrists together. He drops his shoulders as he gets used to the constriction on his ribs. Hannibal notices this, and gives a tug to tighten the ropes that circle Cal’s naval. It makes Cal gasp, and he lowers his head momentarily as he pants.

“But you’re digging them up now. With me.” Hannibal reassures, moving so he’s face to face with Cal. He grabs hold of the younger man’s chin, and forces his head up once again, forcing them to meet eyes. Hannibal speaks again as he finds another rope to tighten from the front of Cal’s body. “Trauma often hides behind layers of fog within the brain. This is likely not the first time you’ve thought about these ‘terrible things’ since they first occurred. Tell me about them.”

Cal groans as the ropes constrict around his naval, squeezing his internal organs. “I think something bad happened to me.” Cal confesses, blinking at the tears that surface in his eyes as he stares into Hannibal’s golden amber ones. “A long time ago, when I was a child.”

Hannibal freezes, a feeling of heavy sympathy overcoming him suddenly. He wants to do bad things to whomever did these things to Cal. He wants to rip, to kill, and display. Hannibal finally moves back to the task at hand, grabbing hold of one of the ropes that squeeze the pulse in Cal's throat. He gives a firm pull, watching as Cal's eyes flutter shut and a strangled gasp leaves his lips.

Hannibal is playing with fire here, hypoxia is very dangerous, and Hannibal highly doubts that Cal brought an oxygen tank in that duffel bag of his. Three to six minutes is all it takes for permanent brain damage to occur when it comes to hypoxia. So, Hannibal presses for more information, eager to wrap this up and cut Cal out before there's permanent damage to his brain and body.

"What do you see," Hannibal questions in his therapy voice, "when you recall these bad childhood memories?"

"Cameras." Cal gasps out, his breaths coming in heavy intakes and exhales. "Dr. Meyer. His smile as he corners me in that dark fucking cave." He tries to laugh, tries to make humor out of his discomfort. But Hannibal steals the breath from Cal when he tugs on the other rope that adorns his throat, correcting his behavior in wanting to play this off as just a 'sick joke'.

"You did not deserve this, Cal. You were just a kid." Hannibal whispers in his ear, "Steven Meyer was a sick man, and you were just a boy." Cal's tears that had been teasing at the corners of his eyes are falling now, and uneven sobs fall from his lips as he continues to share what he remembers.

"The flowers on the cave walls; the ones he made me see with my mind's eye." Cal recalls, struggling against his binds as he tries to reach out in front of himself. The bindings prevent him from moving and he feels himself start to panic. "The snake, choking the man who abused me. I thought of him as more of a father than my own dad." The sobs are now coming freely, Cal's body shaking.

"You're a victim, Cal. You do not deserve to be punished." Hannibal speaks over Cal's cries, reaching into his pocket to retrieve the folding knife he brought with him. Cal notices the knife and begs, "Please, please, Hannibal. Don't."

Hannibal ignores Cal's calls, and slips the knife between the rope and the younger man's naval. He starts to saw through the very bottom fibers, the ones down near Cal's waning erection. When the first rope snaps open, Cal also snaps, his voice desperate. "This is the only way I think I'll be able to move on. Please, Hannibal."

Hannibal seizes, and drops the knife on the floor next to the ottoman. Cal's judgment is impaired, and Hannibal knows this. But the desperation in his voice makes Hannibal disregard this, reconsidering his decision to cut Cal out.

Cal takes shaking breaths, forcing his body to calm down and stop fighting against the bindings that hold his limbs together. "I'm listening to you." Hannibal assures, "Tell me what you need."

Cal looks up at Hannibal, his tears slowing as his mind comes back to him. Hannibal is sweating, his tie undone and his sleeves rolled up. Cal needs something, he knows he does, but it isn't until the words slip out that he knows for sure.

"I need you to convince me that it wasn't my fault."

Hannibal's heart drops at this. But he isn't in a position to show that right now, so he just nods, moving behind Cal so he can't see the tears welling in his eyes. Cal needs him to be strong right now. He needs his rock.

"You were just a boy." Hannibal reiterates, using his shaking hands to take hold of both of the ropes around Cal's throat. He tugs with noticeable power, and it pulls a choked breath out of the younger man. His veins bulge in his face, and Hannibal knows that he must be quick. "Steve had no right."

"He was supposed to care for you." Hannibal continued, practicing haste when he went right to tightening the rope around Cal's chest. Another broken sob pulled from Cal's throat. "It was not your fault that he took advantage."

Hannibal went to tighten the ropes around Cal's naval, but when he pulled, the rope unraveled, weakened from the knife he had cut it with. Hannibal spoke directly into Cal's ear, abandoning the naval rope, and tightening the throat ones again, "Tell yourself. Tell yourself that it wasn't your fault."

Cal's shuddering gasp as he tried to intake air told Hannibal that it was time—he needs to cut the young man out, now.—but, he let Cal push out the words through the fog that was overtaking his brain.

"It wasn't-" He took another short breath, "-my fault."

Hannibal was quick, fast on his feet when he retrieved the knife from the floor. He cut first the two ropes constricting around his throat, careful not to nick the younger man's delicate skin. Cal's heavy intake of air was much less strained, but Hannibal continued, struggling just a little to cut through the tight bindings around Cal's chest.

Cal's breathing became much easier as the final ropes were cut, and he was completely free from the constriction. All but the bondage on his arms and legs. Hannibal folded the knife back up and threw it to the side yet again, turning his full attention to Cal. He was quick in pressing his fingers to the younger man's pulse point, counting the beats as oxygen fought to return. Cal's big gulps of air were expected, almost like he had been a drowning man.

Hannibal takes Cal's face in his hands and inspects his pupils, then checks his temperature with the back of his hand. Cal's face is beet red, and Hannibal isn't surprised to find his veins are still prominent.

Hannibal only leaves the younger man to retrieve the complimentary bottle of water the motel provided. It's room temperature, but Cal doesn't care. He swallows small amounts as Hannibal feeds him the liquid. Hannibal's attention is still on helping Cal recover, and he

seems to be recovering quickly, but he asks gently, “Do you want me to cut the last bindings?”

“No.” Cal answers immediately. He never expected being bound to comfort him, ground him, but it does. He feels like he might fall if Hannibal takes away the support that the bondage is supplying him.

“Alright. But please, allow me to take you to the bed.” Hannibal insists, “You should lie down for a while.”

Cal nods, his rope burnt skin sensitive against Hannibal’s clothes when the older man scoops him up into his arms. The silk sheets are much more comfortable, and he’s thankful that they are cold, soothing. His hands are bound behind his back, so Hannibal maneuvers him so he can lay on his side. He watches as Hannibal moves to climb off the bed, and panic spikes in his mind. “Stay.” He pleads in a short breath.

Hannibal freezes, half on the bed and half off. Cal knows he’s waiting to see if he’ll change his mind, but he knows he won’t. “Uh- take your clothes off first though.”

Hannibal does, understanding that Cal’s skin is sensitive, and the fabric will just make this painful for him. But Hannibal doesn’t try to change Cal’s mind about cuddling. It’s not common that Cal stays long after their encounters, but when he does, he wants Hannibal’s touch. He’s touch starved, and Hannibal definitely knows.

Once Hannibal’s completely nude, he joins Cal back on the bed, laying on his back so the bound man can nuzzle into his side. They like to spoon too, but unless Cal has specified otherwise, this is usually the position they’ll cuddle in.

Hannibal plays with the short hair at Cal’s nape, careful to not trace his fingers down the younger man’s neck like he normally does. It’s just long enough that Hannibal thinks that Cal might’ve fallen asleep, when he speaks into the older man’s chest.

“It wasn’t my fault.”

“No, no it wasn’t.” Hannibal reassures Cal’s statement, though he’s sure he doesn’t need it. The words sounded sure.

Cal maneuvers himself carefully so he can look up into Hannibal’s eyes, and he’s genuine when he speaks. “Thank you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal smiles, and leans down so he can place a kiss on Cal's forehead. It isn’t enough, and Cal is quick when he retrieves the older man’s lips in his own. Hannibal is both shocked and delighted as he moves his hands up to cup Cal’s face, deepening the kiss. They’ve obviously kissed before, but Cal has never kissed him first, and he finds himself more affected by it than he thought he might have been.

He hums into the kiss, sharing his approval as he enjoys the kiss that Cal initiated. Cal was also the one to get tongue involved, seeking out Hannibal’s own. But Hannibal quickly dominates the kiss, his tongue more prominent in their kisses now. Cal squirms in his

bindings, wanting to touch Hannibal, and is now at a dilemma with the fact that he cannot. He almost asks Hannibal to cut him out, but then, he feels a hardness against his hip as Hannibal angles his body to better overtake his mouth.

Cal groans, pleased to know he can affect Hannibal in such a way. He wants to touch, but is curious in how himself being in bondage might affect how Hannibal goes about this sexual encounter.

One of Hannibal's hands moves from his cheek, down to his hip. He squeezes the flesh there, which sends shocks of pleasure through Cal's body.

God, he's so fucking touch deprived.

Hannibal pulls back when Cal groans, and the younger man is practically panting, once again hard and leaking. Hannibal smirks at the sight of both of their erections. They're almost touching, and Hannibal has to think through what he wants to do about it. Then, the perfect idea pops into his head.

He moves Cal slowly onto his back, his bound arms trapped under his body. Hannibal is pleased to see the wince of discomfort at the stretch that Cal's shoulders ultimately had to go though. Hannibal kisses the first line of rope burn on the younger man's neck, then the second. Cal squirms, his knees bending and his feet sliding against the silk bedding. Though, he's not squirming from pain.

He's squirming with desperation. And Hannibal's journey down his body continues to make him squirm, especially when he gets down to the rope burns on his naval. His back arches when Hannibal's breath ghosts over his erection, and Hannibal comes face to face with the leaking length. Cal doesn't have to say a single thing, and Hannibal is on him, taking the head into his mouth.

Cal keens when Hannibal applies gentle pressure to the underside of his cock, pushing at it with his tongue. He watches as the older man ghosts his hands over the bondage holding his legs shut, not quite touching. He doesn't have much time to care about that, because his attention is redirected to watching Hannibal swallow him down. Hannibal sucks him slowly and thoroughly.

It pulls groans from Cal's lips, and all he can think of is how all of Mary's attempts at a good blowjob combined could never live up to what Hannibal is currently doing to him. It's like Hannibal's throat was designed to take his cock, with how it opens up to allow him in. Hannibal is even skilled enough to be able to swallow while Cal is hitting the very back of his throat. It feels fucking heavenly, and Cal's not hiding it with the sounds leaving mouth, and with the way his body reacts.

His stomach keeps clenching, teasing at an orgasm, and his arms are fighting against his bindings so hard that his shoulders are cramping. He wants to grab Hannibal's hair and hold the man still so he can fuck his throat, but instead, his arms are tied together behind himself. His legs are trying so hard to spread, to invite Hannibal in, that they're turning red where the bindings are digging in.

“Hannibal-“ He gasps as he tries to roll his hips, but they have so little movement that he’s practically at Hannibal’s mercy. He feels so close, and he’s not sure if Hannibal is going to pull off before he can climax. But he doesn’t really care, because it feels so magical when Hannibal’s throat tenses around him, his gag reflex finally triggered by Cal’s dick. Tears well in response to the rejection, and Hannibal blinks them away. Cal is mesmerized watching the single beads roll down the Doctor’s face.

Hannibal pulls off when Cal’s toes curl against the bedding, leaving the younger man just on the edge of release. He moves up to meet Cal, taking his lips roughly as he lines them up together inside his closed fist. Hannibal thrusts into his own fist as he kisses Cal, and the younger man groans at the sensation of Hannibal’s dick sliding against his own.

Hannibal pulls back from the kiss so he can groan, his attention redirected to watching himself and Cal slide through his fist together. Cal watches too, but he struggles against his binds, fighting the urge to join Hannibal in holding their lengths together. He watches Hannibal’s abs tense and move as he thrusts, and he has no doubt in his mind that he prefers guys over girls—he’s never been this mesmerized before by a woman’s body like he is with Hannibal’s right now.

Maybe he’s not bisexual with a preference for men.. but gay. It wouldn’t be the first time he’s questioned it. But right now is not the time for a sexuality crisis. He can think about it later when Hannibal isn’t practically trying to milk him. Cal’s hips can’t seem to stay still, and Hannibal allows him to join in in thrusting into his hand.

The added stimulation to the other side of his dick had him keening, calling out as his head is thrown back. Hannibal doesn’t hesitate in biting at the exposed throat. Cal doesn’t tell him to stop, basking in the sensation of Hannibal’s teeth and tongue. Explaining the rope burn to Mary will already be hard enough since she already suspects that he’s cheating on her, so he may as well get something out of it. He loves this, he loves Hannibal’s love bites, and he can’t wait to see the hickeys that they’ll leave in the mirror tomorrow morning.

Cal is moaning with wanton desire, and Hannibal can both hear and feel the sounds, with his mouth pressed to the younger man’s voice box. “I’m so close.” Cal warns, and Hannibal smirks against his throat, tightening his grip on both of them.

“F-fuck, Hannibal!” Cal gasps when his dick slides into the impossibly tighter grip of Hannibal’s large hand. He’s coming before he even got a chance to warn his lover, but he’s almost certain that Hannibal knew before he did. His release splatters all over his rope burnt stomach, and some stay in Hannibal’s hand.

That was what Hannibal needed to spill his own seed with a grunt, the feeling—the smell—of Cal’s warm release against his cock. His semen joins Cal’s all over the man’s stomach, and Hannibal is almost tempted to clean it off with his tongue. But given Cal’s injuries, that would not be the wisest idea. Nor is letting their semen sit on the scuffed up, vulnerable skin.

Hannibal climbs off of Cal and finds the bathroom, returning just a moment later with a dry washcloth, a cup of warm water, and some antibacterial soap. He uses the soap to wash Cal’s stomach gently, making sure to clean all the semen off of him before patting his stomach dry with the washcloth.

Hannibal sits at Cal's side and takes the time to actually unbind Cal, leaving the knife in his discarded pants. It's therapeutic for the both of them, the gentle sliding of rope against skin as Hannibal takes the time to undo his work. Hannibal massages Cal's calves and ankles, soothing any hurt, even though Cal hasn't told the older man that he is in any.

Hannibal rolls him onto his side slowly.. even more slowly than he had rolled him onto his back earlier in the evening. Cal winces at the painful feeling of relieving the pressure, and he's gotta say, it's even more painful than the stretch that it had initially taken to get into the position.

Hannibal kisses his shoulders, and Cal sighs as the pain seizes for a moment. He doesn't feel pain again until his arms are completely free of their bindings. His stiff shoulders pull a groan out of Cal's mouth when he separates his wrists. He thinks the pain gets even worse when he moves his arms from behind himself, to rest on the bedsheets in front of him.

"Your shoulders will be sore, if they're not already." Hannibal warns Cal, petting through his short hair, letting his nails graze along as he goes. "Make sure you shower when you get home, then put on some antibiotic cream on each of the burns after you pat them dry."

"Wow, you really weren't lying about being a doctor." Cal laughs, and turns so he can see Hannibal's face. The older man smiles down at him, and Cal has to wonder if he has to leave at all.

He wouldn't leave the motel, if it weren't for his son.

Forest is the only thing keeping him from running with Hannibal, and he's not sure if he should be scared by that reality or not. He won't abandon his child, though.

He sighs and sits up just enough so he can place a kiss to Hannibal's lips. A sweet, intimate, and tender one. One that tells Hannibal exactly the dilemma that Cal's in.

Maybe one day they can be more than just a monthly casual fling.

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